



Bridge at St. Mihiel, France, destroyed by Germans and rebuilt by Americans. Crossed by the 35th and 89th Divisions of the American Army.

## BODY OF WAR HERO LAID AWAY

(Continued From Page One.)

too horrible for words. Of homes pillaged and plundered and burned to the ground, of the shamefully mutilated bodies of the future sons of the countries across the sea.

But finally the time came when we, as a nation of liberty loving, God-fearing people could no longer stand aside and countenance such inhuman acts as these. And so the United States, champion of the rights of peoples, the Judge of Nations, realizing the terrible situation, rallied her sons about her and once more took up her arms as the Defender of Liberty and Justice.

We entered the great conflict to win, and this end was inevitable. And here God stepped in with His great lesson of sacrifice.

First—Vast sums of money must be spent in increasing our army and navy. Second—All of our plans had to be altered to fit in with the great war program.

Third—And we had to learn to like the thing we had to do, rather than do the thing that we liked.

And then we had to learn the great lesson that might can never make right.

Xerxes, the Persian King, invades Greece with two million men and four thousand ships of war, the representatives of forty-nine allied nations. Awaiting him in the mountain passes is a bare seven thousand men including Leonidas and his brave three hundred Spartans, in the pass at Thermopylae. With their backs to the wall, fighting for their homes, this little handful of men repel for days and days this overwhelming force of barbarians.

In the naval battle of the coast of Salamis, the mighty fleet of Xerxes, four thousand vessels, is defeated by the Greeks with only two hundred and seventy-one battle vessels and the little Greek nation has learned that the battle is not to the strong.

And Belgium! Poor, heart-broken, bleeding Belgium, standing for days and days between the host of devils incarnate that came thronging in from across the Rhine, and France in her unpreparedness, England in her unwillingness, and the rest of the world.

But, thank God, she stood and carried on until help could come and even though it took a tremendous toll from her in every way, the little Belgian nation has learned that the battle is not to the strong.

God, the God of Battles, knew that the interests of civilization would be retarded by a Persian victory, and God, the same God of Battles, knew that the interests of civilization would be retarded by a German victory for neither German nor Persian were the civilizations to advance the principles of righteousness in the world.

"Right forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne, But that scaffold sways the future, And behind the dim unknown Standeth God amid the shadows, Keeping watch above His own." Might can never make Right, but Right ever makes Might.

But the saddest lesson of all that we were to learn was that life must be sacrificed in order that God's plan for the world could be brought to pass.

God's actions are always difficult for men to understand. For we forget that His Being is so infinite and far above ours that it would be hopeless for us to try to discern His intentions. And that is well, for if not, then He would not be a God. That is why we are left to conjecture so much about death. To us it has been the most terrible fact in all creation and it has ever filled our hearts with dread. But death to the soldier is not so terrible as we would think.

I have stood by the side of hundreds of them who passed from this life, while in the service of the country they loved, and I have never yet seen a single one of them who was not ready to die cheerfully and gladly as they gave up this life for the thing that they believed to be right.

Nearly all of them came to the realization that death was not only possible but highly probable and it was the most natural thing in the world for them to prepare for the unknown future.

Why are men so ready to lay down life for principle? Answer—Because God made them so.

God has filled man with the three attributes—Faith, Hope and Love. And the greatest of these is Love.

"And greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends."

That is what Abraham Lincoln did. That is what William McKinley did. That is what Jesus Christ did. And because this is true, such unselfish sacrifice is not only heroic, it is Christ-like.

Hence it is that men of all ages have been ready to go out and lay down their lives upon the altars of human progress.

And such it is with this laddie who lies here before us in the dreamless sleep of death.

He heard the call of broken-hearted

mothers coming from across the seas. He heard the piteous cry of the starving babies as it came ringing from devastated France and Belgium. And like the rest of us, he grieved his teeth and waited patiently until he could get into action in the great conflict to assist the allied soldiery in their valiant support of Liberty, Life and Humanity.

And then one day the whole community stood down there by the station as I, company, that band of care-free, rollicking Holt county boys shipped away from us. And we smiled but not because we felt like smiling. It was only to hold back the tears that were in our hearts. And to hide the lumps that were in our throats. For they were going out to represent us in the world conflict, the awfulness of which God alone knew.

Camp life was irksome, but Paul Shuttles did his work cheerfully. The tasks were new and difficult, but Paul Shuttles did not complain, but performed his task as he thought it should be done. He, too, had learned the lesson that it isn't doing the thing that you'd like to do that counts, but rather is it liking the thing that you have to do. The chaplain of his regiment said of Paul's work, "When they had special work to be done, all the officers called on him. They knew that they could leave the task, no matter what it was, to Paul, and feel confident that it would be done with great care and dispatch. And it was this spirit of fine manhood which lifted Paul from the ranks and made him a sergeant in his company. Everybody was his friend, for the simple reason that he was friendly to everybody."

It is any wonder then that when the order came commanding Sergeant Shuttles to take his platoon and wipe out that machine gun nest, he responded with the same old spirit of fidelity and led his men into the face of the withering fire in a charge that was to cost him his life?

One time the Man of God said, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

Paul P. Shuttles died with his face to the foe, faithful even unto death. Long years ago the Pharaohs, that ancient line of kings, built pyramids that overlooked the Valley of the Nile River in Egypt. It was the sign of a desperate longing to be remembered in the world after they had gone. So they built the pyramids and in them they placed the mummies of their dead kings.

About the same time, a little princess of Egypt was at work building herself a memorial. Going down to the river one day, she found in the rushes lining the bank, a baby afloat in a basket on the Nile. She smuggled him into the castle and took him into her heart. She lavished her love upon him. She taught him the wisdom and lore of her race. She permitted him to receive such instruction as he needed, that finally under her instruction and tutelage he grew to manhood and was able to confound the earth's wisest thinkers and teachers, with his wisdom, and finally gave to the world the basis of all its law and jurisprudence.

Today the pyramids are slowly disintegrating and wearing away, worn by the corroding fingers of time, while the men to whom they were built as a memorial are a forgotten race.

But just so long as men shall know and respect law and government, just that long will this little Egyptian princess be remembered with love and respect, because of the boy Moses, whom she taught and gave to the world.

Paul P. Shuttles has builded for himself a memorial that will be remembered for long years to come. And it was because of his heroic, yea, Christly sacrifice that the boys of the local post of the American Legion selected the name of Paul P. Shuttles as the name by which this post should be known forever.

Comrades of this post, let us keep clean and bright in memory the splendid flame that now has flickered out. Let us pledge our hearts and increase the purpose of our souls as we devote ourselves to the best and noblest things of life for which our comrades died, so that in the years that are yet to come, men and women of another age will remember Paul P. Shuttles by this memorial that we have created for him. Even so that when we are old and tottering and many of us have long since entered into the presence of Him to whom the ranks of life report, may be said of us, "the members of Paul P. Shuttles Post lived worthy of the sacrifice of him whose name they bore." This is our task, may we be consecrated to it.

The soldiers in the great war had a view of death that was different. They had gone away from their homes toward the east. Home was behind them in the west, and there was an intense desire on the part of all to be back home once more. Not that they were cowards and could not play the game, but rather that they felt the pull of home ties tugging so strongly at their hearts. Hence, it came about that when a soldier was wounded and carried to the rear, the first thought was "I am going home, going west."

And always the cry was the same, even though it was some times very

weak, as one sorely wounded would cry out to his comrades in passing, "Going west, going west."

Where are you going, soldier? "Going west!"

Where are you going, Christian soldier? "Going west." Ah, say it not so, but going East to the sunrise of Eternal Day.

My friends, you grieve today under this burden of sorrow, but you do not grieve alone. This whole community shares in your grief. Your sorrow is ours. Paul P. Shuttles has been missed and will be missed in the life of this community. The boys and girls have missed that fine spirit of big brotherliness which he gave to them. The youth of the town has missed his spirit of happy comradeship, which he had for them all. The older folks have missed his kindly thought and consideration, which he had for old people. And his buddies have missed his splendid spirit of faithfulness and square dealing that he manifested toward all.

But somehow our lives seem grander in the light of the sacrifice that he has made for us.

And soon taps will have sounded for Paul P. Shuttles for the last time. Last time because there will be no need for taps in that better world where there is no sleep. And faintly, but clearly, we can hear the cheerful notes of the bugle as the wind wafts to us this message of hope.

"When your last dream is past—From afar—some bright star—o'er your grave—Watch will keep—while you sleep—with the brave."

## School Day Memories.

Barton and Charles Denny, former school boys of the old Oregon school, were in town, Wednesday of last week, paying a visit to their sister-in-law, Mrs. Bettie Denny, widow of the late Hiram E. Denny.

They were also on a visit with their sister, Mrs. Sue Hodgins, of Maitland, and the Masseys, of Clay township. Barton having married Mary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Massey, in Oregon, at the home of Prof. O. C. Hill, who performed the ceremony on Feb. 29, 1880, a real leap year affair, and they can only have a wedding anniversary every four years.

These brothers came from New Point, children of the late John Denny and wife, and entered the old school under the management of Prof. O. C. Hill, 1879-81, and then went to other schools, Columbia and the Drake University of Iowa, and have made so very, very good.

Barton became a prominent minister of the Christian church, building up one of the greatest church organizations of the state at Hampton, Iowa, and for several years has been in the state church mission.

In addition to building up church work, he and his good wife have been building a family of three noble children. His son is the secretary of the Central Life Insurance Company, of Iowa.

Bertha, the oldest daughter is Mrs. C. L. Coffman, of Spokane, Wash. Pearl is the wife of Capt. L. F. Wright, in charge of the U. S. army hospital at Denver.

Charley, after leaving the Oregon school, branched out for more education, believing there was always "more room upstairs;" finished at the Drake University, and took a chair in that institution, and as a consequence he has been the professor of Latin in that great college for the last 32 years.

Charley married Lily Wisner, of Iowa, Kansas—a college love affair. He also has an interesting family. His daughter, Gladys Denny-Shultz, is the feature and Sunday editor of the Des Moines Register, Iowa's greatest newspaper. Son, Harold, is on the editorial staff of the New York Tribune. His daughter, Charlotte, is now Mrs. C. J. Griffith, of Detroit, Mich., and her husband is an expert upholsterer in the Ford factory, and went to the colors, across the seas, only to return a physical wreck from wounds and gas. His son, Walter, a member of the graduating class of the Minnesota State Medical College, died Jan. 21, 1920, on the very threshold of his graduation.

Charley taught at Corning and Bigelow, earned his tuition through the Oregon high school, by serving as the school janitor. Both these boys paddled their own canoes, and landed on safe, sure ground, and have ever made good.

## N. L. Planalp and Wife Entertain.

On Monday evening of this week, Aug. 22, N. L. Planalp and wife, of the Marion district, entertained over 150 guests to a watermelon and muskmelon feast. It took 50 watermelons and around 100 muskmelons to satiate the appetite of the crowd. The melons were large, luscious and sweet.

The following were present: Rev. Alpha T. Hayden, Dr. B. E. Miles and family, Ralph M. Meyer and family, Ed Hornecker and family, E. A. Dunham and family, Ralph C. Moore and family, T. B. Kennedy, C. L. Gilbert and family, Geo. T. Barnes and family, J. T. Thorburn and family, F. E. Fothergill, Thos. D. Henry and wife, John Williams, Lillian Williams, Martha Williams, C. W. Spicer and wife, E. W. Davis and wife, Dr. J. L. Gelvin and family, Mrs. E. E. Denny and son, Mrs. Fred N. Foster and daughter, G. K. Hibbard and family, W. H. Hardin and family, Matt Feichter and wife, Earnest Allen and wife, Charles Polley, Johnny Hurst, Geo. D. Leiser, Horace Gregory and wife, Ida Forney, Frank Allen and daughters, J. B. Gilmore and wife, Vance Gilmore and wife, Ida Cayton, Henry Priebe and family, Mattie S. Morris, Margaret Morris, John Schuler and family, Walter Kneale and family, J. E. Barnes and daughter, Robert Kneale and family, E. O. Forney and family, J. C. Morris and family, Ruth and Gladys Walker, Irene Acton, Herbert Blutz and wife, Geo. M. Pollock and wife, Geo. Doty, Gov. Doty, Edith Doty, Mary Doty, Christ Scheub and family, John Oppenlander and family, J. C. Planalp.

# THE AMERICAN LEGION

(Copy for This Department Supplied by the American Legion News Service.)

## MEANS VICTORY FOR LEGION

Report of Dawes Committee Embodies Principal Features of Organization's Relief Plan.

All investigation speed records at the national capitol were broken by President Harding's special commission to frame a comprehensive program for the relief of disabled veterans, which was headed by Brig. Gen. Charles G. Dawes of Chicago.



He jammed through, in less than two days, an inquiry into treatment of disabled soldiers, recommendations that mean adequate hospital treatment to 10,000 wounded veterans now in poorhouses, asylums, insufficiently equipped hospitals or in no institution at all, as well as payment for disability to thousands of veterans not in hospitals.

The report of the Dawes committee is considered as a great victory for the American Legion program for disabled soldier relief. Its recommendations embody the principal features of the Legion plan.

They are:

1. Appointment of one official to have charge of all disabled soldiers' relief and benefits. There now are three departments.
2. Decentralization of administration, so officials with delegated authority may act without red tape.
3. Appropriation of whatever additional money is necessary for new hospitals.

Other members of the committee were: F. W. Gilbrath, Jr., national commander of the American Legion; Franklin D'Olier, past national commander of the American Legion; Thomas W. Miller of Delaware; Theodore Roosevelt, assistant secretary of the Navy; Mrs. Douglas Robinson of New York, a sister of former President Roosevelt; John L. Lewis of Indianapolis, president of the United Mine Workers of America; Mrs. Henry Rea of Pittsburgh; Milton J. Foreman of Chicago; Henry S. Berry of Hendersonville, Tenn.; and T. V. O'Connor of Buffalo, head of the longshoremen's union.

## BUCK PRIVATE TO COMMANDER

C. L. Dawson, North Dakota Legion Man, Rises From Lowest to Highest Rank.

From the lowest rank in the military service to the highest grade conferred by the ex-service men of his state is the record jump made by C. L. Dawson of Beach, N. D., recently appointed national field representative of the American Legion.



From buck private to department commander of the American Legion in North Dakota tells the story of Mr. Dawson's rise. Although well past middle age, he enlisted as a private in the Bullion corps soon after war was declared. After fifteen months at Fort Omaha, he was discharged with the rank of private first class. He was chief clerk of the North Dakota legislature during its last session.

As department commander and national executive committee member, Mr. Dawson was largely responsible in building up a strong organization of the Legion in North Dakota. He is a graduate of the University of North Dakota and before entering the service was state's attorney at Golden Valley, N. D.

## IDEALS OF AMERICAN LEGION

Stand of Bill Dowling Post of Chadron, Neb., Has Brought Much Favorable Comment.

The ideals of the American Legion are explained in a published announcement of Bill Dowling Post of Chadron, Neb., which has drawn much favorable comment from Legion posts in the Middle West. The announcement reads:

"To the public—No, we are not organized to 'run the country' or to 'rob the government.' Read the preamble to our constitution.

"To politicians—We stand for 'politics,' all of us are laborers.

"To labor—Read what Samuel Gompers has to say in regard to labor and the Legion.

"To all ex-service men—'Let's stick together.' We started it over there; let's finish it in the American Legion.

"To all un-Americans—'Look out for the American Legion!'"

## HOW LEGION MEN GET LAND

Applicants for Homestead Entries Should First Make Personal Inspection of District.

In response to many inquiries from ex-service men in the Middle West regarding government land grants, Irvin I. Fenrite, secretary of Argonne post of the American Legion in Des Moines, Ia., has made an investigation of the situation.

"Persons desiring to make homestead entries," said Mr. Fenrite, "should first fully inform themselves as to the character and quality of lands they desire to enter and should in no case apply to enter until they have examined each legal subdivision for which they make application. Satisfactory information concerning the lands may be obtained from a personal visit to the district in which one wishes to take out land.

"Each applicant is required to swear that he is well acquainted with the character of the land described in his application and the only way that he can assure himself that prior settlers have no claim is to make a personal inspection of same.

"An ex-service man is required to establish residence on the land involved after his entry is allowed, unless an extension of time is granted on account of sickness, climatic reasons or similar excuses. Credit is given for service in the Army, Navy or Marines, providing the applicant has had eighteen months of service. If such is the case, the applicant is required to live on the land only seven months. If he obtains so much credit for military service that there is required only one year's residence, he must prove only such amount of cultivation as will prove his good faith as a homestead claimant. If his credit for service requires more than one year's residence, he must show cultivation to the extent of one-sixteenth of the area of the land beginning with the second year. Regardless of credit for service, all applicants must prove that there is a habitable house on the land.

"There is only one portion of the country where land may be obtained without the requirement of a homestead. At Sentinel, Ariz., there are 10,000 acres open, for which no homestead is required, but which necessitates the payment of seventy-five dollars for three hundred and twenty acres and an expenditure of one dollar per acre for improvement. This is arid land which may be used for cotton raising if irrigated. When irrigated, it sells for from two to three hundred dollars an acre. It is estimated that the cost of irrigation on three hundred and twenty acres is about \$10,000.

"Approximately 132,000,000 acres of land are open, including every state west of the Mississippi river except Iowa and Texas. The first thing to do is to decide on the state. Then, get the location of the land offices in that state. All blank forms of affidavits and other papers may be obtained for the district office in which the land lies.

"Taking out a homestead is not a speculative proposition. If the applicant can afford to establish himself for the period required under the homestead laws, taking advantage of the credit allowed him for service in the World war, he will be well repaid after a few years."

## BACK TO NATURE FOR HEALTH

Ex-Service Man is Attending College in Bathing Suit and Living in Pup Tent.

Attending college in a bathing suit and living in a "pup tent" on his alma mater's campus, H. B. Parker, of Boston, Mass., is gaining in a hard fight for life and an education.

Mr. Parker, formerly a student at Boston university, had to leave the colder climate because of the impaired condition of his lungs following service in the army during the World war.



H. B. Parker and His Pup Tent.

Realizing his condition, he sought schooling in a warmer zone and took to the open. Through an arrangement with Dr. W. S. Currell, of the University of South Carolina, he pitched his tent on the university campus. With a mosquito bar and a folding cot to furnish his habitation, he is pursuing his studies and is steadily progressing on the road to recovery.

Before leaving Boston, Mr. Parker was appointed by the American Legion to investigate conditions at state institutions in behalf of the Legion's department of vocational training. He urges all men afflicted as himself to seek the open and to find health in the "back to nature" plan.

## TEARS, IDLE TEARS

By ISABELLE ENGLAND.

On her small, shingly immaculate back porch, almost completely screened by morning-glory vines, sat Miss Willis, red-nosed, red-eyed, and sniffing dismally. Even had she been seen, no one who knew her would have been surprised, for weeping was quite as much a habit with Miss Willis as combing her scanty hair in a tight, quivering pug on the very top of her sedate, uninteresting head. One never would have guessed that "sniffing Lalia" (as the younger, less respectful, citizens of Blue Hill had christened her, with a delicious thrill of laughter) had ever been pretty and—in love. Yet such is the case.

If, perhaps, you ever chance to visit the small insignificant town of Blue Rock and catch a glimpse of poor Miss Willis, with unappreciated salty tears dripping in a forlorn way from her long, vermilion nose, you will not smother a care-free snicker, as others do, but instead feel a bit of real pity. I suppose you can judge better if you know the facts. Anyhow, this is her story as she told it to me, amid tears and tea, on a cold wintry afternoon:

"Once, many years ago, long, long before you came on earth to turn the heads of fickle, unlovely males, I" (with a modest blush that caused her to resemble nothing so much as an overripe tomato) "was young and pretty. Just like you, Molly, dear" (I quivered with mortification.) "I was blue-eyed and rosy-cheeked, with a few bleached-looking freckles scattered around and upon my nose, but not as disfiguring as yours. To look at me now, you never would think I was the belle of the town, but I was, and John was my best beau, for we all had 'em then."

"John was a handsome boy, Molly, and I guess I led him a twisted trail. When John was 18 his parents decided to send him off into the wilds of the city for an education that he didn't need, for John was clever, too. At first, while my blue eyes remained in his memory, he wrote—and such lovely letters! I have 'em all done up in a box, scented with lavender, on the top shelf of my pickle and preserve closet. But gradually he remembered only the unsquinted freckles, so he stopped writing."

"I loved John, and because I was young and silly I imagined he still cared for me. As the years passed by, I guess I must have faded for when he at last came home" (she paused dramatically while I held my breath) "handsome than ever, looking like he'd just stepped out of a bandbox, he didn't seem to see me, but sort of looked right through me. I was glad he could not, really, because I'd eaten cheese for dinner, and John never could tolerate cheese, especially homemade."

"I'd have run up to him, in spite of his January stare, but a slim, scantly-clad young woman, with hitching-post heels and yellow hair was holding my John's arm as if it were her own. They all kissed each other, John, his pa and ma and that clinging-vine female. I began to feel kind of small and insignificant, not to mention injured. In spite of my new flowered muslin, I didn't see John again, while he was home, but a few weeks later I read an account of his wedding—his wife wore white satin and carried yellow roses. I went to bed with an ice-pack on my head."

"For four years I had faithfully waited for John's return. I had disdainfully refused three suitors, all well off young farmers—and one had offered me a washing machine for a wedding present! I've always pined for one. My home town soon became unbearable. John's wife and her high-flung city friends monopolized the whole town, so I just packed up and came here; and here I've been for 20 years of old maidhood, feeding the cats and sweeping the back porch and—crying."

"I ventured: 'Yes?'" "Crying," she repeated, with an extra sniff. "Yes. Some day John will realize his mistake, when it's too late! Won't you have some more tea, before you venture out, Molly? Well, goodnight!"

My eyes were a little damp, possibly because I could almost picture the tears running off her nose into her tea, and the lavender-scented relics in the preserve and pickle closet.

## He Were Well.

Two country women were arguing on the matter of thrift.

"D'ye see that purse?" demanded one with a triumphant air. "It's the one I bought when I was married twenty years ago, and it's as good as new yet."

"That's nothing!" sneered her friend. "You know my husband, John?"

"Of course I do. What about him?" "Well, he's my first husband, and you've had three. Don't you preach thrift to me!"—Edinburgh Scotsman.

## Spelling for Fun.

"How is the traffic system in this town?"

"Like the traffic system of every other town."

"Well?"

"A constant irritation of motorists who want to monopolize the streets and lose their tempers every time a large, imperturbable trolley car gets in their way."—Birmingham Age-Herald.